

K

by lupyne

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K

K

Welcome, one and all, to my first one-shot! This is based on the song 'K' by Bump of Chicken. I'll be using only the humans in this fic. It's a parody of the songâ€|

****Note****: This story is based on the song's storyline. The lyrics itself are ****not used**** in this story. I have rewritten this on 6th February 2009.

Disclaimer: I do not own the song 'K', Bump of Chicken, the original plot, the characters in the songâ€| I also do not own Hamtaro and all the characters in it.

"Will we ever see each other again?" Laura sobbed into Travis' arms.

"Lauraâ€| I promise that this will not be the last you'll hear of me. After all, I got your phone number! I can call you!"

"My life just won't be the same without youâ€|"

"As will mineâ€|"

The two hugged for a brief eternity. Laura then watched through her tears as Travis disappeared from her sightâ€| from her lifeâ€|

A few years laterâ€|

Travis' life has changed a lot. He's now a grown man, but his whole family was dead. He was the only survivor of a terrible accidentâ€| the one that took his family from him. Falling into depression, Travis spent most of his days glooming around, isolating himself from the outside world. He could get no job, and had little money. He decided to make ends meet by selling paintings. Unfortunately, it was tough going by as a painter in the streets.

One fateful day, he spent his hard-earned money on a trip to the doctor for a checkup. He had been feeling under the weather lately, and wanted to know what was wrong. What he heard did not please him.

"_I'm sorry, but you have some heart complications."_

"_Huh? Can it be cured?"_

"_Wellâ€| yesâ€| but I don't think you can afford itâ€|"_

"_How much?"_

"_Tens of thousand overâ€|"_

Travis left the clinic. He did not have enough money for the treatment, and decided to let Fate take him when his time had come.

Recent events made Travis forgot all about his old life and all his friends. It wasn't until when he found some old photographs in a box that he began to reminisce about the old days. He missed joking around with the guys. He missed hearing the girls talk about their pet hamsters. He missed chatting with Lauraâ€|

Laura! He had forgotten about her completely. His promise to phone her had slipped off his mind. He grabbed the phone and dialed her number. He waited anxiously for the voice he missed so muchâ€|

"Hello?" a gruff voice answered.

"Uhâ€| can I speak to Laura?"

"Laura? Who's Laura?"

"Isn't this the Haruna residence?"

"They moved not too long ago," the voice replied and the line was cut. Travis put the receiver down sadly. It was as if he would never get his old life back again. He went out of his tiny house and shut the door.

Travis walked down the busy street. Nobody paid a rugged man like him a second glance. He could be invisible for all they care. He watched as an equally untidy black cat walked down the same path as him.

A group of children were pointing and jeering at the cat.

"Look! A black cat!"

"Black cats are unlucky!"

"Foul creature!"

"Let's chase away the bad luck!"

The children cheered, and picked up pebbles. They took aim at the unsuspecting feline.

THWACK!

A stone made contact with the back of the cat, making it turn around in shock. When it saw who the perpetrators were, it hissed angrily, making the children laugh instead. Two of them tossed a few more stones, and the cat retreated into a dark alley. The cat looked back outside with angry yellow eyes. The children took aim once moreâ€|

"Stop that at once!" Travis yelled. The children looked at him.

"Argh! Run for your lives! Crazy man is chasing us!" one of them yelled. They all ran away, laughing their heads off.

"Brats," Travis sighed. He then followed the cat into the alley.

Finding the cat shivering under a cardboard box, Travis picked it up. The cat was caught by surprise, and hissed angrily once more. It kicked about, trying to break free.

"Don't be afraid, little guy. They might hate you because they think black cats are unlucky, but I do not believe that."

The cat looked at Travis with gleaming yellow eyes.

"You knowâ€| we are very much alike. We have nobody in this world that we can turn to. Soâ€| how about we find a friend in each other, huh?"

The cat was not taken in by Travis' speech. It flailed about again, trying to scratch Travis' face with its lethal claws. Travis lost his grip and the cat managed to break free.

The cat ran out of the alley. It was not sure what it wanted. It could actually understand what Travis was talking aboutâ€| it understood Travis' tone and emotion completely. But the cat had always lived in solitude all this whileâ€| living in the darkness. Could it be time for it to finally exit into the light?

It continued running, darting under the legs of the passer-bys much to their horror and disgust. It was the first time in its life where it was forced to make an important decision. It seemed like a miracle that there was a human who did not treat it like garbage. All its life, it has been steering clear from people. Why should now be any

different? And yetâ€¦ why should it not be?

It turned and saw Travis chasing it.

No! I need time to think!

The cat stumbled and landed with a thud. Its bruised body could take no more.

"You shouldn't have run, sillyâ€¦ Let me treat you up at home," Travis said gently and cuddled the cat in his arms.

The cat was named 'Holy Night'. Black happiness. Both of them lived together ever since that day. Holy Night has grown fond of Travis, and they both were happy despite living in poverty. Though Travis only managed to sell a few of his paintings, they were enough to bring him and Holy Night through the harsh winter days.

However, Travis was still sad about not being able to contact Laura. And then it struck him. Of course! Who would know about where Laura moved to? Kana! He could easily get Laura's new number through her!

Travis picked up his phone and dialed Kana's number. When he realized that there wasn't a ringing tone, he laughed at his own foolishness. In his hurry to contact Kana, he had forgotten that his phone line was cut a long time ago because he couldn't afford the telephone bills.

He left Holy Night at home and set out to find a phone. He came across a small shop, and decided to try his luck there.

"Excuse me, can I borrow your phone for a moment?" he asked the shop owner.

Seeing him, the shopkeeper came to the front. "Ohâ€¦ sure. Just for a little while, okay?"

"But I won't be able to pay you thoughâ€¦"

"That's fine."

Travis thanked the shopkeeper and grabbed the phone, his hands shaking with excitement. In just a few moments, he could finally talk to Laura!

"Hello? This is Kana."

"Kana! It's me, Travis!"

"Travis? Wow! It's been so long! You sure soundâ€¦ different!"

"Wellâ€¦ yeah. I don't have much time thoughâ€¦ is Laura there at your house?" he asked hopefully.

"Oh no. She moved not too long ago. She doesn't live near me anymore."

"Yeahâ€¦ I kinda figured as much. Could you at least give me her new phone number?"

"I'm afraid the place where she is now had problems with the wires, and she won't be able to get a phone line till about the end of next month."

"Oh dearâ€¦ how about the address?"

"That isn't a problem! Hang onâ€¦"

Travis wrote down the address on his notebook. He then thanked Kana and put down the phone. The shopkeeper walked up to him.

"Here," the shopkeeper said, handing him a large loaf of bread and a new sketchbook. "I know you're that wandering artist; I've seen you around. This could helpâ€¦" he said kindly.

"Oh no, sir, I couldn't take this. You've already helped me a lot by letting me use your phone."

"I insist, young man. It must be tough, living alone at this time of the year."

Travis thanked the shopkeeper profusely. He was right. Winter was harsh, and given Travis' condition, it was a living hell. He gladly took the items and went back home, where he was greeted by Holy Night.

Travis painted Holy Night in almost every page on his new sketchbook. He had done the same thing in all his other books, although sales were poor. Nobody wanted to purchase a picture of an unlucky black cat, after all.

"You're really not unlucky, are you?" Travis ruffled the top of Holy Night's head. "You knowâ€¦ we are setting out tomorrow. I know it's cold and all, but I've got to find Laura! I did promise her, after all."

Holy Night cocked his head to one side, much like a dog.

"You've never seen Laura, have you?"

"Look. This is Laura and me when we were younger," Travis said, showing Holy Night a photo.

"Obviously she would have grown bigger by now, but I am positive she is still the same on the inside. I just hope she's a lot better off than me nowâ€¦" Travis chuckled and coughed a few times.

"Winter sure is harshâ€¦" Travis mumbled and coughed some more. He felt a sharp pain in his chest. "Tomorrow, we are going to find her."

Holy Night watched as Travis continued the coughing fit. Travis was now clutching his chest and panting heavily. Something was very wrongâ€¦

"Tomorrowâ€¦ Lauraâ€¦" Travis muttered under his breath. Travis got

up and accidentally knocked down his stool. Still clutching his heart, Travis tore off a page from his sketchbook. It had a picture of Holy Night on the front. He quickly scribbled a letter to Laura—the last letter he would ever write—

Travis never lived to see another tomorrow. He sealed his final letter in an envelope and fell to the floor, having lasted long enough to finish the letter. Holy Night came rushing to him, worried. Without a stamp, he only had one way to make sure the letter reach the recipient's hands.

A blinding white light and a searing pain—

He smiled at Holy Night. With the final breath, he said:

"Holy Night— please run— run to Laura—" Travis pointed to an address he wrote on the envelope.

"Where she has been waiting all this while— waiting for me— for me to return and fulfill my promise— Arigatou, Horii Naito."

Why, Travis? Why? I never cared for anyone before— and yet— you made me care. Now, you're just going to leave me like that?

Black cats bring bad luck, Travis. Yet you took me in. Yet you took care of me. Yet you kept on drawing me. Why?

As for your letter— Travis— you don't have to worry. Rest in peace, my friend.

Holy Night found himself walking through a snowy mountain path. He clutched the letter firmly in his mouth. It was tremendously cold, but Holy Night remained strong. He would deliver the letter, or die trying.

Travis had talked about where Laura's new home was after the phone call, so Holy Night had a brief idea.

Holy Night dodged as children pelted another set of stones in his direction. He was used to evading thrown items by now. He had a lifetime's worth of practice.

"Catch that cat!"

Sticks and stones may break my bones— but even if every single bone in my body is crushed, I will deliver that letter!

"Filthy cat! Ugly cat! Stinky!" the children taunted. They began calling him all sort of names.

Call me whatever you want. To you, I might be just another cat. But I know who I am. I am Holy Night. Black happiness.

Yes. I am Holy Night. That's what he called me. It was a name a dear friend gave to me. He was the only one who did not turn me down. He did not hate me for what I appear to be, but loved me for who I am. He took me in, and we cared for each other. And with all his kindness, he bestowed this name upon me.

Holy Nightâ€¦ what does it mean anyway? A strong spirit? A divine soul? An endless journey towards eternal happinessâ€¦

For him, I would go anywhere. Even though fatigue is starting to get the better of meâ€¦ I would continue forward, for forward is the only way to go.

For days, Holy Night traveled. Snowstorms and menacing children could do little to stop him; not when he has a job to do. It was a simple case of mind over matter, and despite being starved and parched, Holy Night continued his journey.

This is it. The town where she lives. The big signboard matches the addressâ€¦ and Holy Night entered the final destination bravely.

Holy Night tripped and fell. He was hungry, cold and injured. His feet could barely keep him up, and yet, keep him up they must.

Nobody dared come close to Holy Night. To them, it was just an ordinary sick cat that could pass all sorts of diseases to them. Holy Night slowly moved around, looking for the girl. Every step he took drained what little life remained.

Remaining strong-willed, Holy Night went the distance. He finally found the place he has been searching for. A girl was standing outside, looking at the catâ€¦ He crawled over to the girl and dropped the letter on her feet.

Laura read the letter slowly as Holy Night laid down to restâ€¦ for eternity.

"_I've done my jobâ€¦"_

With tears in her eyes, Laura read every syllable of the letter carefully. It was the last message from him. She then turned to the lifeless cat.

"Thank youâ€¦ Holy Nightâ€¦ for bringing me the news. You were braveâ€¦ like a real knightâ€¦ a knight in black armour," Laura sobbed. She took the black cat and hugged it.

Laura took the brave cat to the backyard and buried it. On his final resting place, a small plaque was placed. On it was written the cat's name, only with an extra alphabet added to it. Just the one letter. And it made all the difference.

_Here lies Holy Knight, the Black
Happiness._

****AUTHOR'S NOTES****

Wellâ€¦ I hoped you liked it!

I expanded on the plot from the songâ€¦ This is the result! I hoped

you understood the ending, and why the story (or song) is named as it is.

End
file.